O hatefull, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſſe crime:
Muſter thy miſts to meete the Eaſterne light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time.
Or if thou wilt permit the Sunne to clime
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poyſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps rauiſh the morning aire,
Let their exhald vnholdſome breaths make ſicke
The life of puritie, the ſupreme faire,
Ere he arriue his wearie noone-tide pricke,
And let thy muſtie vapours march ſo thicke,
That in their ſmoakie rankes, his ſmothred light
May ſet at noone, and make perpetuall night.

Were TARQVIN night, as he is but nights child,
The ſiluer ſhining Queene he would diſtaine;
Her twinckling handmaids to (by him defil'd)
Through nights black boſom ſhuld not peep again.
So ſhould I haue copartners in my paine,
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage.

VVhere